

The Musical World.

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ROYAL SURREY GARDENS.—Monday and Tuesday next, Sept. 29 and 30, M. Jullien's Benefit, and positively the last two nights of the season. On this occasion a résumé of all the most popular pieces performed this season will take place, including selections from the Inauguration Festival, the Hallelujah Chorus, the Finale from Elijah, Loreley, and Midsummer Night's Dream, the music of Macbeth, Symphonies of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, and Jullien's Zouave Quadrille. The following eminent artists will have the honour of appearing: Madame Radersdorff, Miss Poole, Miss Stabbach, Mr. Hamilton Graham, Mr. Perrin, Mr. Lefler, and Mr. Millard, Messrs. Lavigne, Hughes, Demunck, Duhême, Shurel, and Herr Konig. The Chorus, conducted by Mr. Land, will number nearly 400 voices. Admission, 1s.

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THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT DARMSTADT,

ON THE 31ST AUGUST AND THE 1ST SEPTEMBER.

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

ALTHOUGH my limited leisure, while travelling, does not permit me to write a very full account, especially when, on account of the fabulous influx of persons in Darmstadt and Frankfort, I lost in the former place more than three hours, before it came to my turn to get a seat, and, in the latter, was obliged, after a hundred fruitless inquiries at all sorts of lodgings, not excepting the principal guard-house, to pass the night in the street—all of which is literally true—I will yet at least partly fulfil my promise, if only by a few rhapsodical remarks.

When I begin by informing you that, on the two festival days, Darmstadt was thronged by from forty to fifty thousand persons, mostly visitors, I do not at all exaggerate, but rather somewhat understate the actual number, which was thus extraordinarily favourable for the baptism of this youngest child of the Rhenish Festivals, and the *Mittelrheinischer Musik-Verband* of the *Gesang-Vereine* of Darmstadt, Mainz, Mannheim, and Wiesbaden, may congratulate itself on the event, and accept it as a good omen for the future.

If you now ask me whether it was worth while to throw all the directors of our various means of transport into such a state of alarm, that many of them no longer knew which way to turn, and would have been in danger of harnessing the horses behind the coaches, had not the place of those animals long been supplied by machines, which can shove as well as drag, I must answer, "Most certainly." Taken as a whole, this first *Mittelrheinisches Musikfest* was a very splendid one, and justified its name, since it was marked by quite as much (and, perhaps, more) *fest* (festival) as music. There was no want of judicious arrangements for everything and everybody; of friendly and hearty welcome of all persons concerned, without distinction, whether they gave their services as amateurs, or for a stipulated sum; of obliging care for their accommodation, or of measures for their protection against any fleecing propensities on the parts of hosts and their colleagues. All these things, we must confess with due regard for truth, were better managed than they have been in the *Niederrheinische* Musical Festivals for years. To this we must add the vivacity and sympathetic liveliness of the inhabitants of the district of the Middle Rhine. They have something about them of the South German character, and are, perhaps, not so solid; but, on that very account, not so formal, tight-laced, stiff-collared, and glaçé-gloved as we North Germans, and, therefore, they pay a more natural homage to jollity and pleasure, and do not, on every occasion, first beg the gracious permission of etiquette to amuse themselves.

Thus the festive processions and social meetings—which, in the case of the festivals of the Lower Rhine, very often exist only in the programme, and are so rarely to be found in reality—that, as is well known, we frequently come to the solemnly announced place of rendezvous without finding a solitary individual, to say nothing of a member of the committee—were, here in Darmstadt, the most brilliant points of the festival. The *Wood-festival*, which took place on the morning of Tuesday, the 2nd September, on the Ludwigshöhe, was not only amusing and elevating, from the charms of this beautiful spot, and the magnificent view over the valley of the Rhine, but was distinguished by the highly liberal hospitality of all the persons acting in the name of the Festival Committee. Really brilliant and imposing, also, were the grand processions, which, on the afternoon of the same day, moved through the principal streets of the town to the grand circus, on the Drilling-ground, where the Grand Duke and his court awaited them. The rehearsal and concert tickets admitted the persons connected with the festival in the circus.

These processions were eleven in number, and represented:—

1. The three provinces of Hesse, and all their national costumes.
2. The old *Katten* and *Cherusker*, after the *Hermannsschlacht*, with the Roman spoils.
3. The old German heroes, from the sagas of the *Nibelungen*.

4. The Middle Ages, the Confederated Rhenish Cities, the Hessian Knightly Confederation, and the Tournament held at Darmstadt in the year 1403.

5. The old guilds (among the printers, Gutenberg, Faust, and Schäffer).

6. The Frankenstein *Eselslehen*, at Bossungen and Darmstadt. Immediately after this came—

7. The foundation of the Giessen University (1607), and of the Darmstadt Gymnasium.

8. A stag-hunt, on foot and horseback, in the reign of Louis VIII.

9. The Pirmasenser guard.

10. Arts and sciences, industry, trade and agriculture.

11. The eleven guilds, arranged in the order of the workmen.

Everything connected with these processions—the idea and execution—the men and horses—the costumes and equipments—the order and bearing—was admirable. There is no doubt that the munificent assistance afforded by the artistic Grand-Duke, who, according to the report, placed the entire rich wardrobe of the Grand-Ducal theatre, consisting of some four hundred dresses, at the disposal of the committee, had a very large share in this.

His Royal Highness had also given the use of the Arsenal for the musical performances, and this brings one to the *music*, which I will by no means place in the back ground. I must preface my remarks, however, by saying that we must not be so strict in our requirements from its representatives, who take part in such a *Verein* for the first time, or from their leaders, as we are justified in being when we have to do with performers who have enjoyed the practice and experience of a long series of years.

The crowd of singers and instrumentalists was very great. As it may interest you to know the vocal strength of the district, exclusive of that of Frankfort-on-the-Main, I forward you the following summary of the *vocal part* from the printed book:—

		Sopr.	Alt.	Tenor.	Bass.	Total.
1. Darmstadt	a. Musikverein	66	52	39	53	210
	b. Mozartverein	—	—	23	32	55
	c. Harmon. Sängerkranz	—	—	23	15	38
	d. Counter-tenors from the Grand Ducal Gymnasium	—	37	—	—	37
2. Mainz	Liedertafel and Da- mengesang-Verein	28	18	42	64	152
3. Mannheim	Musik-Verein	19	12	7	14	52
4. Wiesbaden	Cäcilien-Verein and Männer-gesang Ve- rein	30	15	26	29	100
5. Giessen	Akademischer Gesang- Verein	25	11	16	30	82
6. Offenbach	Gesang-Verein	17	11	15	13	56
Alzey	...	2	—	1	—	3
		187	156	192	250	785

To these add 64 violins, 21 violas, 20 violoncellos, 15 bass-violas, making with the rest altogether 155 in the orchestra, and you have a musical body of 950 members, or, with all drawbacks, at least more than 800, worthy of all respect. But the quality, also, was good in every instance, the voices were round and fresh, and the skill of the instrumentalists excellent. Most of the choruses in the *Messiah*, produced under the direction of Herr C. A. Mangold, Grand Ducal Musical Director, on the first day of the Festival, went very well, while some (the "Hallelujah" for instance) admirably. Others were deficient in spirit, and were not distinguished by that classical and always calm power over the subject with regard to certainty of form and treatment. This was, also, evident in Mendelssohn's *Lorelei*. On the second day, the chorus, which was, on the whole, magnificent, had, unfortunately, far too little to do, and, indeed, the second part of the programme on the second day was not quite calculated for the importance and dignity of a Musical Festival.

It is a matter for consideration whether the arrangement by which the principal performances were not fixed for the evening, but for half-past three in the afternoon, is one to be imitated. A

great deal is to be said in its favour, still, during the warm season, the temperature is against it.

The solos were entrusted to Madame Leisinger, of Stuttgart (soprano, a beautiful woman with a beautiful and agreeable voice; her style of singing was especially suited to the part of Lorelei, in which she greatly distinguished herself); to Madle. Diehl, of Frankfort (who possesses a soft, pleasing voice); to Herr Grill, of the Darmstadt Grand-Ducal Theatre (an especially fine tenor, with a nobleness of style which is, now-a-days, really a rarity), and to Herr Stephen (Bass) of the Mannheim Theatre, whose services are the more deserving of recognition, as he took the part without the slightest preparation, in consequence of Herr Stockhausen, for whom it was intended, being attacked with hoarseness at rehearsal, and obliged to give up the part. However admirable Stockhausen may be as a *Lieder* singer, experience has proved that it was a mistake on the part of the committee to engage him for the arias in the *Messiah*, for which he has not power. He will, as a rule, be found deficient in this point whenever he has to sing in the areas required by the colossal performances of musical festivals. Every time that he forces his small voice, in order to satisfy the exigencies of the case, the same thing that happens here will be sure to recur. But on the second day, also, when he was set down in the programme for a French air and one or two German songs, he did not appear—a fact which was certainly to be regretted, and produced a very unfavourable effect upon a large portion of the audience.

The second concert was directed by Herr L. Schindelmeisser, Hof-Capellmeister. The programme of the first part was good: Beethoven's *Eroica*, and Mendelssohn's *Lorelei*. The execution of the symphony did not, it is true, attain that degree of precision and expression, nor that inspiring force and energy which it requires, and the festival orchestras of the Lower Rhine are superior in all these particulars. As I could not attend the rehearsals, I cannot positively say whether many a defect in the performance, which, however, was on the whole an imposing one, was the fault of the orchestra or the conductor. I must, however, protest against the quickened time of the fugue movement in the funeral march, as if the horsemen were then advancing in a trot; it is precisely here that breadth and weight, in time, tone, and expression are appropriate and absolutely necessary. It is true that the time of the entire movement must not drag too much.

In the second part, which contained something of everything (with regard to which we must, in justice, remember that this second part was meant to fill the place, as it were, of the so-called Artists' Concerts, on the third day at the Festivals of the Lower Rhine), Vieuxtemps' performance was, naturally, the most brilliant and most worthy of mention. The performance of an otherwise very excellent pianist and thorough musician, Herr Pauer, must, in comparison, be placed in the background. Herr Pauer played a rondo, by Weber, and a "Cascade" of his own composition—certainly not an appropriate selection for a musical festival. Solos for the pianoforte, without orchestral accompaniments, are in no way adapted for such an occasion, any more than mere songs (sung by Mad. Leisinger and Mad. Diehl), although Schubert's "Erlkönig" is a magnificent composition. In this the first-named lady, who, in other respects, is an excellent artist, did not satisfy us as well as in *Lorelei*, in which she was really admirable.

There was no scarcity among the audience of artists and conductors from other parts of Germany, although there was not so large a gathering of them as at Düsseldorf, in the spring. From Berlin there was Emil. Naumann, from Weimar, J. Joachim Ruff, whose opera either was, or is to be, given at Wiesbaden; from Strasburg, Liebe, etc. Your part of the country sent Herr Turanyi, from Aix-la-Chapelle; Tansch, from Düsseldorf; Weinbrenner, from Elberfeld, etc. Hiller was present only on the second day, and then but for a short time.

LITERARY TREASURE.—A literary treasure has turned up—no less than a second copy of the first edition of "Hamlet"—the quarto of 1603.

BEETHOVEN.*

(Continued from page 566.)

UNRIVALLED and incomparable does Beethoven stand before us in *Fidelio*, from the moment that he is alone with Leonore, measuring her greatness by his own, and breaking out into the recitative and adagio, known by the name of the aria with the three *obbligato* horns. This aria, with its bold *allegro* ("O Du, für den ich Alles trag") was and is the unrivaled model of all grand operatic arias. Both for form and effect it served Weber as a standard in Agatha's aria, "Wie nahte mir der Schummer." The gradations of the *allegro* ("Ich folg' dem innern Triebe"), the three horns—bursting out, as at the nod of a magician, into flowers and blossoms—the magically transformed bassoon—all these have been imitated a thousand times but never equalled. This miracle of an aria is followed by the finale with the chorus of prisoners, which, on a complex figure of the bassoon, rises, as damp as the air of a cellar, out of the orchestra, as the prisoners themselves rise from out their cells. The effect of this half-loud hymn to Freedom would be increased if instead of the prisoners being made to enter, as they are accustomed to do, from the wings upon the stage, at the first shudder of the deep B in the bass, the doors of the tower were opened, and the public were to see the prisoners come up through apertures, as though from the last steps leading to the dungeons, just as the figure on the bassoon tears itself away, in step-like, unequal intervals, from the lowest depths of the orchestra.

All the rest belongs to the subterranean world of the dungeons, out of which Beethoven issues as the highest expression of the romantically-monstrous element in opera. Florestan's dungeon is that of Beethoven and of us all, a symbol of the obstacles in life, of human suffering, and of human ordeals. This is what materially distinguishes the *Fate-music* in *Fidelio*, as music connected with life, from the *Ghost-music* represented in *Don Juan* by the Commander. Two-and-thirty bars of a horrible subterranean story, sunk in F minor, lead up to Florestan's great tenor aria ("In des Lebens Frühlingstag ist das Glück von mir geflohn"), which is an opera of itself, and has never been equalled. The grave-duet, the trio and quartet, where the trumpet-blast, announcing deliverance, stays the murderer's arm, the nameless duet of the persons rescued ("O namenlose Freude"), and, lastly, the finale, a hymn to Freedom, place Beethoven on a level with Mozart in opera, and place him far beyond Mozart, in his employment of the orchestra, in the more oneful co-operation of his ideas, and in the creation of a *Fate-music*, to sum up all in a word, fruitful in its results for thinking and feeling man.

Thus did Beethoven, by one single work, leave his trace in opera, as Rome left hers in conquered provinces, where Roman monuments still challenge Time to destroy them.

Let us here take leave of *Fidelio*, which was not written in notes, but in tears of suffering and delight, because this extraordinary event in the annals of the stage could only be the subject of a monograph, that would include a latent history of opera generally, which has attained its greatest height in *Fidelio*. It is important to the understanding of Beethoven's artistic martyrdom for us to know that, all his life, he sat in the lap of the highest aristocracy, a seat which for the intruder, for the *homb novas*, is not generally the softest, and is characterised by its only supporting its favourite as long as he is amusing, and, most certainly, dropping him as soon as he becomes annoying; under all circumstances, it only patronises him with moderation, and when this can be done without too much trouble. That the protected genius, when a Beethoven, survives his patrons, and, by the dedications of imperishable works, calls into continually new life their names, forgotten even in the churchyards, is a fact which is overlooked, and history, which restores the balance between patronage and fame, comes too late, because it is history. Beethoven, whose works acknowledge the acquired property of life, "possession," only in its most general application, and rather correct the institutions of life—Beethoven had lived for many years in a special sphere, in a caste which expresses

* Translated expressly for the *Musical World* by J. V. BRIDGEMAN.

a *speciality*, before he entered on the train of ideas of his later years, his third great *metamorphosis* of style. Aristocratic birth and the spring of aristocratic manners were then, in Austria a component chemical part of the air, which scarcely any one could avoid. To argue from his disposition, Beethoven would, otherwise, have been the first to shake off every kind of patronage. That Beethoven was the noblest of all his noble friends, his contemporaries and he himself could overlook, but no one, at the present day, doubts it. A man is only noble, by being the representative of an idea, which rises above the level of everyday life. Thus especially at that period, large landed property, and the ideas inseparable from it, — *huzza*, even manners become traditional — found their most perfect representation in the nobility.

That the ideas advocated by Beethoven were equally valid, that, by their connection with the universal-human element, they affirm a life equal to the latter, and have already survived the before-mentioned *concrete* ideas, as the *Universal* always absorbs the *Special* — to prove this connection of life with art is the principal aim of this book.

It cannot be said of art, that, in the manner in which thought is expressed literally, it produces new views of life, or, like social and political revolutions, by the testing of acquired ideas, furthers the universal-human element. The activity of art is not to be regarded as so positive, and material. Beethoven's art is life, and works upon the latter, because, noble itself, it sets noble ideas in motion. Now all that can be thought and felt expresses no less, function and life. This is what Shakspere, the great thinker upon the stage, as Beethoven was in instrumental music, chooses to express thus: All is true. If I dream of one who is dead, he lives for me; thus it is with Beethoven.

What, through him, is lighted in our heart, and grows up into a nourishing flame, that is the core of his art, its consonance with life.

Let us, for a moment, examine Beethoven's position in his adoption by the nobility of Vienna. The Great buy too dearly the monopoly of being called great, not to indemnify themselves, when circumstances permit them to do so, on the Small. An eye-witness has related to the author how he knew Beethoven at the period of the first performance of his *Pastoral Symphony* in the year 1808 (see Op. 68). This Russian nobleman was present, at the theatre, which was almost empty, at the first performance, and he expressed, alone, at the conclusion, his approbation so long and perseveringly that the great man in the orchestra turned round and greeted him in a friendly manner. At that period (1808), Beethoven was frequently to be seen in the house of one of the *ladies* of the day, the beautiful Countess Fuchs, with whom, like all around her, he was, secretly, a little or a great deal in love. In their evening parties, tea, that "most unmusical" fluid, was handed round; the thinly-cut bread-and-butter passed from hand to hand; the horrible and agonising plates, spoons, and sugar-tongs, rattled about, and we may say of Vienna, "the worse the tea the greater the pleasure;" and then the hostess, employed in person at the Hypocrene of warm water, would turn to Beethoven and say, "Now, my dear Beethoven, play us something or other!" This, however, rendered the tea more *perfect* and more *esthetic*. Beethoven always took his seat, obediently, at the piano, and threw himself, for his own satisfaction, into *fantasias*, which were lost upon the company, and for them were only the accompaniment to be taken with the enjoyments of the tea-table, and of their own especial personal merits. The eye-witness of this fashion of the high nobility of Vienna at that period to take a little Beethoven with their tea, regularly followed him to the instrument, in order to hear him speak of his art. Russell says, in his *Tour in Germany*, "Directly Beethoven is seated at the piano, he appears to be totally unconscious that any one but himself exists." The Russian Count, too, felt this. Beethoven, accustomed to be the great hermit in Vienna, forgave the people—their tea, and thought, probably, only of the beautiful eyes of his unmusical hostess.

(To be continued).

• Testifying at a hearing of the Missouri House of Representatives.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL

There is one reason why the annual festivals of the three choirs of

THESE is one reason why the annual festivals of the three choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford—the 122nd meeting of which has been given this week in the ancient and interesting city of Gloucester—are likely to maintain a permanent popularity, and that is the strong feeling (entertained) by a large body of conscientious churchmen that oratorios ought only to be performed within consecrated walls. It cannot be disguised that there are many devoted amateurs of music who consider that the sacred subjects treated by its greatest masters, in a school of composition which is of the most elevated order, should be heard, not in profane edifices, in which political and social questions are discussed, but in our churches and cathedrals. Any one who has carefully watched the effect of an oratorio under a secular roof, and has also seen the profound reverence exhibited at the same work under the massive grandeur of the "arch'd and pond'rous roof," will never miss the opportunity of being present at a gathering of the Three Choirs. There are indescribable sensations experienced by the auditory, who sit, as it were, amidst the dead as well as living. The architectural beauties of Gloucester Cathedral, exquisitely fine and grand as they are, become more refined, more elevating, more moving and soul-stirring, as the

more refined, more elevating, more moving and soul-stirring, as the masses of glorious sounds penetrate through every portion of the magnificent building. And as the colossal nave, some of the mornings in the past week, even with a raised gallery at one extremity, was not sufficiently large to contain the influx of visitors, it was not a little curious to see those festival-seekers, who were thus excluded, taking refuge in the embellished gothic choir, rather than miss the opportunity of hearing the sacred performances. It is many years since the attendances have been so large, a result which may partly be ascribed to the unusual number of stewards on this occasion—thirty-six in all—those spirited gentlemen, be it gratefully remembered, who take upon themselves the financial responsibilities of the festival, having no higher rewards generally than the privilege of contributing their quota towards any deficiency, the honour of wearing rosettes at their button-holes for the week, and the pleasure of handing the fair artistes in and out of the orchestra. Perhaps the dignity may also assist the stewards in the pick of partners for the two balls, held on Tuesday and Friday. It was confidently affirmed in Gloucester, however, that this time "surplus" is to be the exceptional word in the winding-up act of the committee; and if this novel, and almost unprecedented, event be realised, the noble funds in aid of the widows and orphans of clergymen of the three dioceses, in which the benefices also are so small for the hard-working parochial pastors, will be increased, independently of the collections made daily at the cathedral doors, hitherto the chief resource of the charity. The new Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, in his Tuesday's sermon, ably advocated the claims of his labouring brothers, taking for his text 2 Samuel v. 7:—"The Lord maketh poor and rich; He bringeth low and liftest up." The Bishop laid chief stress on the great increase of district churches, and of the addition thereby to the list of necessitous clergymen, whose stipends left them living but a bare existence, and dying with them, threw on the world their widows and orphans. The sermon was brief, and the point practical if not eloquent.

The execution of the works at these festivals has not kept pace altogether with musical advancement in other places. It is true that the *Messiah* and *Elijah* were better performed than on previous occasions, but on the whole, with the materials of principals, chorus, and band, engaged for the four morning performances in the Cathedral and the three evening concerts in the Shire-hall, greater precision, more delicacy, and a finer *ensemble* ought to have been secured. Where the deficiency lies is patent to everybody. So long as the conductor's *bâton* at these festivals remains in the hands of the inexperienced local organist, so long must there be mishaps, mistakes, and contrarieties. It is not reasonable to expect that, once in three years, a provincial professor, however respectable his talents may be, can bring together a mixed body of chorals and instrumentalists, and a cosmopolitan phalanx of leading singers, and with one rehearsal insure a steady and finished interpretation of most intricate oratorios, and of selections from the music of operatic masters and concert composers of every school. It is given out that the festivals must stand or fall, in conjunction with the local organists, as the deans and clergymen will not consent to have any other conductors. With all due submission, these authorities might just as well call on them to play the trombone, the double drum, or the ophioleide, as to expect that they can be efficient conductors. It is pretended that the patrons of the meetings are quite satisfied with the general style of execution, and that no improvement would be appreciated. Be it so. But critics have also their duties to perform: they hold a trust, self-imposed as it may be, for the

protection of the public, and for the promotion of art-progress; and they are bound to point out Bradford, Norwich and Birmingham, to say nothing of the metropolis, as examples to the managers of the Three Choir gatherings. One glaring mistake pervaded the rendering of the sacred music this week at Gloucester. Owing to some misty and musty notion as to the "tradition" in the execution of the Händelian oratorios, it is gravely promulgated that the times of the pieces, to be truly devotional, must be taken slowly, as if religious feeling can be reduced to the measure of the metronome. The consequence of this "tradition" was the general tendency of Mr. Amott to drag the time from first to last. But if "tradition" has been carried down accurately *quoad* the Händelian scores, what becomes of the theory as regards Mendelssohn? We have his times from his own hands; and it is a little too much for the conductors of the Three Choirs to change the beat on the devotional "dodge." Is not the slowness to be attributed to other causes? Does it arise from indecision, timidity, inexperience, or incompetency, or from all or either of them? How is it, that when the orchestra, with Sainton and Blagrove as leaders, and conductors too, thought proper to run away from the "traditional" beat, the overtures and symphonies went so briskly, as in the *Zauberflöte*, *Anacreon*, and *Der Freischütz*, and in Haydn's sparkling No. 8 Symphony? But when the *bâton* of the conductor and the bow of the *chef-d'attaque* came into collision, as in the accompaniments to many of the vocal pieces, what a "confusion worse confounded" ensued! As instances, let Mendelssohn's *Loreley* finale, and Beethoven's "Crown ye the altars," from the *Ruins of Athens*, be cited. What a "gâchis" were the accompaniments to "Casta Diva," sung by Viardot, and "Il segreto," sung by Alboni. What must foreign amateurs have thought of these exhibitions at a great English musical festival—a time-honoured institution fast approaching to an existence of a century and a half?

LETTERS ON MUSIC IN GERMANY.

(From the *Musical Critic of the "Morning Post."*)

NO. IV.

TRULY grand and beautiful is the approach to Salzburg from Munich, after passing the Wasserburg. Here rise ever higher and higher, in glittering snow-crowned majesty, the gigantic mountains which surround the city, and a *coup-d'œil* is presently produced, which, for extent and imposing magnificence, could scarcely be paralleled. The general aspect of Salzburg itself, with its very white and flat-roofed houses, reminds one, at the first glance, of an Italian town—Verona, for instance, or Venice; but the resemblance decreases as we get nearer, and see things more in detail. Enthroned upon a high and massive rock stands the ancient castle and fortress, with its lofty walls and towers. Directly opposite to this, on another eminence, is the Capucine Monastery. The wildly-rushing River Salzach, which flows with extraordinary rapidity through Salzburg, divides the town into unequal halves. Left of the river stands the ancient and the largest portion of the Archbishop's palace, the old fortress, the cathedral, and the finest streets. To the right we see the smaller and less noble part of Salzburg, although it includes the handsome Mirabella Palace, with its splendid gardens. When one is fortunate enough to get a fine clear day here (which does not often happen owing to the frequent rain), a beautiful, a sublime view meets one at every turn. On the south and west are monstrous rocks and colossal mountains, with partly verdant sides and nivous heads; on the north and east are lesser heights, covered with flower-wreathed houses and handsome buildings of various kinds. Unhappily, however, the climate is so changeable that, even in summer, the inhabitants find it necessary to carry umbrellas, and prudent to have an overcoat at hand. Even the peasants and carmen are always provided with umbrellas (and good large ones too), and it is recorded that an Emperor of Germany, wishing to make a suitable present to a new Archbishop of Salzburg on his installation, sent him a very magnificent—umbrella. It appears, likewise, that Napoleon I. made a joke with respect to Salzburg and the rain, which cannot be repeated—at least, to English "ears polite." The population of Salzburg, including the garrison, scarcely amounts to 60,000; but still there is considerable bustle in the streets, especially at this moment, when the town is crammed full of visitors. The great bridge, which is 370 feet long and 40

broad, seems to be the busiest place—the fashionable promenade, in fact.

Austrian military arrangements are very striking. At the principal guard-house, for instance, a long deal-board is placed for the sentinel to walk upon—the stones are so sharp and hard; and the captain of the guard reclines upon a sofa—chairs are so uncomfortable!

The streets are generally narrow, and occasionally almost overhanging by the houses, which, for the most part, are five stories high. Many of these are built against solid rock, which, in some cases, seems to form an integral part of the architecture. The Archbishop's "Residenz-Schloss," which stands in the ample market-place, was the first important building I met with in walking through the streets of Salzburg, but other things of much greater interest soon appeared. The cathedral church is a very remarkable edifice. It was built by Como, in the seventeenth century, of freestone and white marble, in the style of the Vatican. It possesses no less than five organs, one of which is very large and powerful. Not far from this is the St. Peter's Church, where a once celebrated composer, Michael (not Joseph of *The Creation*), Michael Haydn, has a monument erected to his memory. Here, too, we find the grave of Mozart's sister, and the gloomy, awe-inspiring "rock-chapel" of Maximus, near the pretty "University Church," just opposite the hotel "Zu den drei Alliierten." On the Löchel-Platz stands a very modest little house, No. 225, where, up two pair of stairs, one century ago, the immortal Mozart first saw the light. The house is narrow and long (five stories high), with only five small windows. Just now, of course, it wears an "*air de fête*" befitting the occasion. The inscription, "Mozart's Geburtshaus," and the emblematical lyre, which, for years past, have called attention to the building, have been regilt and renovated, and Herr Saulich, who kept a shop on the ground-floor, with the sign "Zu Mozart," for the sale of good "*Millykerzen*" (bougies), has been obliged to place his "candles under a bushel" for a time. One of Salzburg's greatest and most appropriate ornaments is Schwanthaler's statue of Mozart, which stands in the centre of the Mozart-Platz. It is considered by those well acquainted with the sculptor's works to be one of his happiest efforts. The statue is of bronze, and about twelve feet high. A mantle is thrown loosely across the figure, the head is raised, the eyes are turned towards heaven, whilst the right hand holds a pencil ready to note down the inspirations which the master seems to be imploring.

I have already sent you particulars of the preparations for the *jeûe*. Perhaps the following verses, written by his Majesty the King of Bavaria to celebrate the event, may interest some of your musical and monarchical readers. They convey, at least, a graceful tribute from a king to an artist:—

"Zwei-Meuschen-Alter sind verflossen
Seitdem dein letzter Ton erklang,
Dein Geist dem hier er schon erschlossen
Für immer sich zum Himmel schwang.

Und wie auf des Olymps Hâhen
Der Götter Jugend ewig blüht
Wird blühend was Du schafft bestehen;
Bist Sonne welche ewig glüht.

Es sind die Leiden längst verschwunden
Die auf der Erde dich gedrückt;
Die Wonne doch wird stets empfunden
Von welcher wir durch dich entzückt.

Vermählt ist in deinen Tönen,
Die Melodie mit Harmonie;
Es lebt das Ideal des Schönen,
Im Zauber deiner Phantasie."

KÖNIG LUDWIG.

As the hour for commencing the ceremony approaches the public excitement increases. Every Eilwagen and Malle-Poste brings in fresh batches of anxious visitors from all parts of the continent. Crowds of Germans, in long travelling coats, armed with countless pipes, bound up with sticks and umbrellas, leading buxom wives and fair-haired, blue-eyed daughters; strangely-attired Englishmen, staring wildly about, as if they had suddenly

dropped from the clouds; French, Italians, and, in short, specimens of nearly every civilised nation are here, looking eagerly for some friendly Gast-Hof where they may at least find shelter for the night. Strange to say, it does not rain! The majestic Untersberg and Gaisberg are thickly covered with snow—a sure sign (say the meteorologists of this place) of fine sunny weather. The Salzburgers are certainly doing everything in their power to accommodate the dense mass of strangers. The Händel's Casino has been redecorated and placed at the disposal of the public. Last night there was a very jovial meeting there of more than 200 artists who have come to assist at the festival. The Vienna "Männer-Gesang-Verein" sang some part-songs with admirable precision and expression, and the utmost conviviality reigned throughout the evening. The city gates, through which the assembling "Liedertafeln," &c., are to pass, are all gaily decorated with the national flags of Austria, Bavaria, the Tyrol, and Salzburg. Here, indeed, are grand preparations! Could poor Mozart have dreamed of such an ovation when he was scribbling dance-music for publishers, to keep the wolf from the door? When will society learn to reward living genius? I shall take the earliest opportunity of furnishing you with "further particulars."

YORK.—The forty-second Yorkshire Amateur Musical Meeting took place on the mornings of Tuesday and Wednesday the 16th and 17th, in the Great Assembly Rooms in this city. Miss Milner sang "Qui la voce," and "Softly sighs," and in the "Sommo cielo" by Pacini, accompanied by Mr. Cooper on the violin, was encored. Miss Newbound, a pupil of Mr. Sparks of Leeds, sang Mozart's "L'Addio." With a little practice, this young lady may become an acquisition to the concert-room. Miss Newbound also sang "Are you angry, mother?" and "When sorrow sleepeth"—in the last receiving an encore. Mr. H. Anderson has a good tenor voice. He was encored in Verdi's "Gondolier." The new ballad, by Balfe, "Annie of Tharaw," was well sung by Mr. Lambert, and greatly applauded. Mr. Allen played one of De Beriot's violin solos; and the trio, (Corelli), on the violin, violoncello, and contra-basso, by Mr. C. N. Allen, Mr. Rougier, and the Rev. Dr. Rawdon, was capital. The Rev. J. Blow presided at the pianoforte.

BRADFORD.—Saturday last was the third anniversary of the inaugural festivities at Saltaire, and Mr. Salt's fifty-third birthday. The workpeople in his employ, to the number of 3,000 operatives, availed themselves of the occasion to present to him a splendid marble bust and appropriate pedestal of the same material, provided by their united subscriptions, as a testimony of the regard and esteem in which they hold him. Mr. Salt, with his characteristic hospitality and liberality, entertained them with a *fête champêtre* in his picturesque park at Crow Nest, near Halifax, and to a *soirée musicale* in the evening, at St. George's Hall. The vocalists comprised Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Freeman, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. J. Wood, and Mr. Rhodes, who appeared under the designation of the new "English Glee and Madrigal Union," and Miss Julia Bleaden. The instrumentalists were the Sardinian minstrel, Picco, and the full band of the London Orchestral Union. Mr. Alfred Mellon was the conductor. Mrs. Sunderland met with a most enthusiastic reception, this being her first appearance in Bradford since the festival *fracas*; she had to comply with a general redemand for each of her favourite songs. Miss Freeman and Miss Bleaden received similar honours, while Picco was tremendously applauded at the close of his marvellous varieties on the pastoral tibia. The programme comprised a popular selection of vocal and instrumental music; but the performance not being a public one, it does not require comment. The national anthem concluded the concert.

NORWICH.—A full choral service is to be performed at the Norwich cathedral on the 30th inst., for the benefit of the Choir Benevolent Fund, by the combined force of 100 voices from the choirs of Norwich, London, Cambridge, Ely, and Peterborough. Applications have already been made to the secretary for upwards of 1000 tickets of admission.

DEWSBURY.—On Sunday last the annual collections for the choir were made in St. John's Church, at the close of the

services (morning and afternoon). The services were choral, the choir for the occasion being greatly increased by several vocalists of the neighbourhood, including Mrs. Sunderland and others. Mr. Isaac Lee presided at the organ. The collections amounted to upwards of £23.

TODMORDEN.—The Harmonic Society gave their first concert for the season in the Odd Fellows' Hall, on Monday, the 16th inst. The vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Messrs. Delavanti, J. and J. Sutcliffe, Keighly, Crossley, the Masters Pitts and Fielden. Mr. Greenwood presided at the pianoforte.

PARIS.—Balfe is at present in Paris. His Italian opera, *Falstaff*, is to be produced at the Italiens during the ensuing season. The management of the Bouffes Parisiennes having proposed a prize for the best operetta suited to that theatre, not fewer than seventy-eight composers have sent in works to serve as proof of their capacity to contend. The jury of examination having met, M. Auber in the chair, a sub-committee was named to examine the various *morceaux* sent in. The sub-committee, after five days' examination, divided the candidates into three categories; the first comprising compositions of remarkable merit; the second, inferior works; and the third, those which were below an average. In the first were 22 works, in the second, 16; and in the third, 40. A further examination subsequently took place by the jury of examination, for the purpose of selecting the six candidates to whom is to be entrusted the manuscript on which the music of the operetta is to be written, and the following are the names, alphabetically arranged, of the persons definitively selected:—M. Bizet, second grand prize of Rome; Demersmann, Erlanger, Lecoq, Limagne, and Manquet. The manuscript will be given to these candidates from the present time to the 1st October.—*Morning Post*.

STRASBURG.—M. Wuille, the celebrated clarinetist, and M. Stenebrugge, the horn-player, who have been staying here during the bathing season, lately gave a farewell concert, which was attended by all the connoisseurs and amateurs in Strasburg. Among others, Rossini happened to be present, and complimented both artists on their performances in no measured terms. M. Wuille was comparatively unknown until M. Julien discovered him, brought him to light, and gave him an European reputation.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—It is anticipated that the total proceeds of the festival, applicable to its charitable purpose, will exceed £1000—the largest amount ever yet collected.

A THEATRICAL INCENDIARY.—The Theatre Royal, Liverpool, of which Mr. W. R. Copeland is the lessee, had a very narrow escape from destruction, at the hands of an incendiary, on yesterday night-week. The name of the person is William Ball, and he has been committed to take his trial at the next assizes. He had been employed as a carpenter and joiner at the theatre, but had received notice of dismissal. It appears that about twenty minutes to nine o'clock, during the performance of the first piece, *Like and Unlike*, in which Madame Celeste and Mr. Webster took the leading characters, the prompter discovered that there was some deficiency in the lighting of the house. His son, who has the care of this important department, immediately went to ascertain the cause of the deficiency. Finding the meter right, he, with others, went below the stage, where they saw the prisoner standing on a heap of rubbish. He was in a state of intoxication, and upon seeing the men with the lights, he said, "Here it is." At that time he had hold of the pipe leading from the main to the theatre; but he almost immediately fell from the heap of rubbish on which he was standing, and a large piece of lead gas-pipe fell from his hands as he rolled over. It was then discovered that a portion of the pipe had been cut off, that this was the portion which was in the prisoner's hands, and that the saw with which the pipe had been cut was standing by the wall. The lights went out; but the damage being soon made right, the performance went on as usual. The flickering of the lights was observed by the audience; but they did not know the danger in which they were placed, and, therefore, they made no attempt to escape. An officer from the gas-works stated that if the cutting of the pipe had not been immediately discovered, the stage would have caught fire, and the whole of the premises would doubtless have been consumed.—Mr. Mansfield, after commenting upon the diabolical character of the deed, which might have caused the deaths of several hundred persons, committed the prisoner for trial.—*Bristol Advertiser*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
J. G. has calculated the chances of possibilities aright.
A SUBSCRIBER FROM DUBLIN.—No. 1.—Never—never. No. 2.—
A great deal more.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27TH, 1856.

THE attempt made on Monday evening last at St. Martin's Hall, to organise a series of cheap musical entertainments for the working classes, proved in a great measure a failure. The principle upon which it was founded was erroneous. Never was a band of philanthropists more nearly discomfited; never were good intentions more entirely frustrated; and all for want of a little common sense. The case is briefly this:—Mr. Henry Mayhew—moral attorney-general of the people—took it into his head some time ago that a certain section of the metropolitan community—to wit, the working people—stood largely in need of being brought under the influence of music as a humanising art, and that a series of cheap concerts would be the best way to effect his purpose. With this intent he obtained the approval of several grave authorities—among others that of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, an undoubted musical Aristarchus (who also wrote a letter), and procured the active co-operation of Mr. Leigh Hunt, who consented to officiate as chairman. Mr. Mayhew further considered that music *per se* would only half achieve his object, and that it was necessary to advocate its influence in words; so he persuaded Mr. Leigh Hunt to write a lecture, and engaged Mr. Stocqueler to read it. The result might have been anticipated without any extraordinary degree of foresight. The people accepted the music, but almost unanimously demurred to the lecture.

Mr. Henry Mayhew was mistaken in supposing that there existed any absolute want of cheap concerts for the people. Such entertainments have been long abundant, and many of them not in any degree inferior to the inauguration concert which took place the other night in St. Martin's Hall. But, granting the necessity, the tariff of prices—3d., 6d., and 1s.—should perforce be made to regulate the character of the performance. How otherwise can the promoters be expected to pay the artists, and come forth themselves unharmed? It was laudable to endeavour to entice the London "roughs" to the threepenny area, and to mollify their hearts with sermons and sweet sounds; but unfortunately very few of the "roughs" were attracted, while those who filled the concert-hall preferred singing to homilies, even when illustrated by citations from Shakspere. The "gentle" among the audience, who may be presumed to have occupied the more expensive seats, joined their humbler brethren in energetic disapprobation of the reading part of the entertainment.

It is evident that the managers of the Monday Evening Concerts know very little about music and its influences, or they would never have contemplated the necessity of lectures explanatory and apologetic. The experience of M. Jullien's concerts might have taught them better. There good music, left to itself, finds its way easily to the sympathies of the masses, without the intervention of didactics. A lecture is very well in its place, but out of its place in a musical entertainment. Had the projectors of the "People's Concerts" invited their patrons to dinner, and pronounced a

long exordium between every two courses, they would not have been guilty of a greater solecism than that of an analytical discourse in the middle of a concert. The people, however, were unanimous in this instance, and the absurdity is not likely to be repeated. Dr. Johnson, objecting to the foot-notes in various editions of Shakspere, says—the attention is abstracted from the text, and "the mind becomes refrigerated by interruption." So in a concert, if the music is interrupted by extraneous matters, it loses half its charm. No audience could have been more delighted with the first part of an entertainment than the audience at the concert on Monday evening. Every *morceau* was loudly applauded, and many of the pieces were encored; when, lo and behold! a gentleman stood up to read, and threw a "damper" over all.

But from another point of view the "People's Concerts," organised as at present, cannot possibly succeed. It is said they are *intended to be* "self-supporting." We do not understand the term as applied in the present instance. By what means the directors propose to make both ends meet it is impossible to guess, since, supposing the hall to be invariably crowded, the receipts at the established prices of admission would not be enough to remunerate singers of the humblest class, much less "stars," through whose aid good attendances are, it appears, anticipated. Mr. Sims Reeves, Herr Formes, and other celebrities have consented to give their services gratuitously for *one concert*. But what is the use of that in a case where it is proposed to found a permanent institution? On the other hand, the system of making a show of benevolence by levying black-mail on professional artists is inherently vicious, and no healthy results can accrue from its practice. Mr. Sims Reeves, or any other singer of eminence, may oblige the directors *for one night*, as an act of charity, but what is to become of the nights on which no such attractions can be "announced?"

It appears, nevertheless, that the "Concerts for the People" have obtained the patronage of sundry influential gentlemen, whose names are imposingly displayed on the forehead of the printed programmes. They are as follows:—

Francis J. Augarde, Esq.; Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M.P.; John Barnett, Esq.; Lieut.-Gen. Sir De Lacy Evans, G.C.B., M.P., D.C.L.; The Right Hon. the Earl Fortescue, K.P., F.C., F.E.S.; Peter Graham, Esq.; Leigh Hunt, Esq.; Herbert Ingram, Esq., M.P., F.S.A.; Douglas Jerrold, Esq.; Charles Mackay, Esq.; Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P.; Frank Mathews, Esq.; Henry Mayhew, Esq.; J. A. Nicholay, Esq.; Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P.; John H. Pepper, Esq., F.C.S.; the Right Hon. Viscount Raynham; Sims Reeves, Esq.; the Right Hon. Lord Stanley, M.P.; Wm. Tite, Esq., M.P., F.R.S., F.G.S., F.S.A.; Samuel Warren, Esq., M.P., D.C.L., &c.

In what manner the undertaking is to profit by the above, we have yet to ascertain. Mr. Sims Reeves will sing at one concert, and thus far *promise* to some end. Mr. Charles Mackay, too, may probably contribute the words of a ballad, Mr. John Barnett supply the music, and Mr. Douglas Jerrold criticise it favourably in *Lloyd's*. But how Peter Graham, Esq., the Right Hon. the Earl of Fortescue, &c. are to promote the object in view, unless by the aid of their well-lined purses, we are at a loss to know. Very few of the patrons were present on the opening night. Perhaps they thought their names were sufficient, without the light of their countenances. One in the list of patrons seems to be more prized than any other—viz.: Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, author of the ingenious romance of *Eugene Aram*, &c., whose reply to the application of the Committee has been lithographed and circulated indiscriminately. We will add to the number of its readers our own—

DEAR SIR.—I honour your zealous and enlightened exertions on behalf of our countrymen. I cordially approve the movement you announce: it will have, if successful, more good than is apparent. Whatever conduces to the sense of elegance and refinement, will increase a taste in art. The fine taste of the French workman is in much owing to his participation in graceful amusements. And thus the wealth of the nation through all its manufactures will be increased in proportion as the perception of art enters into the life of the operative through music, the theatre, painting, &c. It is with great regret that I see myself deprived of the pleasure of attending your concert, the 22d. I am just going to my country-house, which will be full of guests for several weeks to come, indeed, till I leave England for the winter.

Truly yours with esteem,

E. B. LYXTON.

It is difficult to imagine why the letter of Sir E. B. Lytton was printed, if not to tempt the "people" by the assurance that its accomplished author had no intention of honouring St. Martin's Hall with his presence. Was the intention to mystify the "unwashed" with a taste of the Aramian transcendentalism? If so, the committee had better have quoted George de Barnwell, who asks, "What is the Unintelligible but the Ideal? What is the Ideal but the Beautiful? What is the Beautiful but the Eternal?" Those unimbued with a knowledge of the Truthful, and who wander rarely by the *thina polupholosboia thalasses*, might demand—"What is the letter of Sir Edward B. L. but an expedient to preserve his reputation as a philanthropist without being obliged to hear Mr. Frank Bodda sing 'Largo al factotum,' or Mr. Henry Mayhew hold forth on his darling topic?"

MUSIC AT BRIGHTON.

(From a Correspondent.)

UNNER the auspices of our spirited *entrepreneur*, Mr. Frederick Wright, an excellent concert was given on Saturday night, which attracted a brilliant and fashionable audience to the Town Hall. The "bright particular star" of the entertainment was that new and twinkling operatic phenomenon, Marietta Piccolomini, who has found as many devoted worshippers in England as in sunnier Italy, the land of her birth. As far as I myself am concerned, a *fanatico* although an amateur, it is a matter of profound indifference whether she be noble or plebeian by birth, the niece of a cardinal or the grand-niece of a pope—enough that she is *by nature* noble, since she is *by nature* an artist. I shall not pretend to discuss her merits as a vocalist in a purely technical sense, satisfied that she possesses the quality of *charming*, and that in a degree seldom attained by public singers. She is neither an Albion nor a Jenny Lind, if you please; but she is Piccolomini, which means something quite irresistible. The people here were pleased with her beyond measure, in everything she did, but most of all in the pathetic *andante* from the first finale of *La Figlia del Reggimento*, "Covian partir," where Maria takes leave of her early associates. This was sung with a feeling that could only have come straight from the heart. There were tears in the voice of the young and beautiful artist; and the sentiment thus exquisitely suggested by the plaintive strains of the music, and thus truthfully interpreted by the tremulous accents of the singer, touched the audience to the quick, and created an impression as legitimate as it was profound. There was first a half-suppressed murmur of delight, and then a loud and general demand for a repetition, with which Mdlle. Piccolomini, who is always anxious to content her admirers, readily and gracefully complied, when, if possible, her singing was better and her expression more touching than before. And this, you must understand, was the last performance but one in by no means a short concert, which made both the efforts of the singer and the sensation produced on the audience the more extraordinary.

Mdlle. Piccolomini did not sing any other solo, which, considering the *prestige* attached to her name, was somewhat strange. She joined Signor Belletti, in the duet from *Don Pasquale*, "Pronto io son," which created so unprecedented an effect at the recent Bradford Festival. Nothing could be more

sparkling and overflowing with comic humour. The admirable fluency of Belletti added no little to the effect of this performance. The *brindisi* from *La Traviata*, in which Mdlle. Piccolomini was assisted most efficiently by Mdlle. Finoli, Signor Belletti, Beneventano, and Mr. Charles Braham, terminated the first part of the concert with great spirit, and was unanimously encored. The other performances of Mdlle. Piccolomini were in the famous quartet from the last act of *Il Guglielmo* (with Mdlle. Finoli, Mr. C. Braham, and Signor Beneventano), and the tuneful duet from *Maria Padilla* (Donizetti) with Mdlle. Finoli, which both ladies sang with the proper sprightliness and animation.

There was some other capital singing—by Signor Belletti, who was loudly encored in Ricci's "Silla poppa," a compliment thoroughly merited by his highly spirited performance; Mdlle. Finoli, who in the well-known "Tu che accendi" and "Di tanti palpiti," its *cabaletta*, displayed a fine-toned *mezzo-soprano*, full and even throughout its register, besides a style at once graceful and easy (to say nothing of her very prepossessing personal appearance); and the lady and gentleman together, in "Dunque io son," a composition singularly well suited to the fluent vocal execution of Signor Belletti. The *buffo* duet for basses, from Ricci's *Chiara di Rosenberg*, ("Veduto questa pistola"), sung and acted with great vivacity by Signors Belletti and Beneventano (the last of whom had already been encored in "Il balen"), was a very successful performance, and elicited a re-demand which was accepted *instante*. To conclude, the last duet for Azucena and Manrico (one of the gems of *Il Trovatore*), was sung carefully and with good expression by Mdlle. Finoli and Mr. C. Braham (whose "Good night, beloved," would, if we are not mistaken, have more than satisfied both Balf and Longfellow); two brilliant pianoforte solos were executed with great vigour by Herr Kuhe, the fashionable pianist here; and the concert concluded with the eternal *preghiera* from *Mosè in Egitto*. Signor Pilotti was the accompanist.

From Brighton the Piccolomini party proceeded to Bury St. Edmunds, where they were to give a concert on Monday night.

* Who has announced a capital concert for the 7th of October, when he will be assisted by the Boosey-tour party, whose names may be seen in the advertising columns of the *Musical World*.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE.

(From a Correspondent.)

Sept. 18.—The musical season this year has been unusually brilliant, and was brought to a climax on Monday last, when the local Philharmonic Society gave a concert, at which Thalberg made his only appearance in public before returning to America. The room was absolutely crammed, and the great pianist performed three of his grand pianoforte solos, and a *morceau* on a theme from the *Puritani* on the harmonium. The latter excited the most unbounded enthusiasm. It was M. Thalberg's first public performance on the harmonium, and Messrs. Berlioz and Fiorentino came from Paris, in order to be present on the occasion. Ernst has been here all the season, and gave a concert on the 23rd August, when he met with the success he never fails to command here, as everywhere he is heard. Mad. Ernst recited two scenes; and a young pianist, Madlle. Darjou, was much applauded for her graceful and elegant execution of one of M. Prudent's pieces. Bazzini was here for some time, and gave a concert shortly before that given by Ernst. Madame Riatori appeared three times at the theatre. The first performance was thinly attended, but the other two, when the Boulogne public knew better what they had to expect, were crowded. The theatre, which is only temporary, during the rebuilding of the one destroyed by fire in 1854, is small, but neatly arranged. The concert-room in the Rue Siblequin is very capacious, but low, ugly, badly arranged, and in every way unworthy of so prosperous a town, and one where the arts are so much appreciated. The orchestra of the Philharmonic Society has made considerable progress under the direction of M. Chandard, who is himself a flautist of considerable merit. Much regret has been expressed at Boulogne at the non-appearance in public this season, in consequence of ill health, of Mdlle. Blahetka, who has for many years been resident at Boulogne, and who is

much admired as a correct and brilliant pianist, and much esteemed, particularly among the English families, as an instructress of the pianoforte. Happily, she is now recovering her health. Among the celebrities who are passing the season here, it would not be right to omit Jaques Herz, who generally comes for part of each year. Taken altogether, the season has been less brilliant than the last. This is owing to several causes, the principal of which are the raising of the camps and the absence of those royal visits and progresses which gave such an especial animation and interest to the season of 1855. The rebuilding of the bathing establishment is spoken of previous to the next season. It is intended to construct a concert-room with it, although it would seem hardly possible to complete it in so short a time as a year.

MDLLE. RACHEL is about to leave France for Grand Cairo, where, by order of her medical advisers, she intends to pass the winter months to recruit her health. It is to be hoped that change of air and new scenes, together with repose and quiet, will help to restore the celebrated *tragédienne* to that art of which she is the greatest ornament, and in which it is impossible to supply her place.

MDLLE. CAROLINE DUPREZ was married, on the 17th inst., at the Church of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, Paris, to M. Amedée Van der Heuvel.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.—After being shelved for upwards of twenty years, Farquhar's comedy, the *Inconstant*, was revived at the Haymarket on Monday night for the purpose of introducing a new American comedian in the character of young Mirabel. Taking it for granted that we have seen Mr. Murdoch to the greatest advantage—since he was likely to select one of his most favourite parts for his first appearance—we may pronounce him a clever and intelligent, careful and experienced actor—accomplished, in short, without possessing genius. His figure is large and well-proportioned, and his features expressive and well-worked, declarating, *a priori*, the owner to be better adapted by nature for tragedy than comedy, an opinion indeed somewhat borne out by his performance on Monday night, in which his last scene, entirely removed from the lighter regions of comic acting, was by far his best. Mr. Murdoch achieved a decided success, and will fill up a vacuum left on the London stage by the withdrawal of Mr. James Wallack. The *Inconstant*, in its present form, is so hacked and hewed, so abbreviated and "purified," as it is called, so attenuated in the dialogue and dissipated in the thought, that the reader of Farquhar can hardly recognise him. Had Mr. Buckstone, however, presented the play to his audience as originally written, the outcry against the *Traviata* would have been nothing to what the *Inconstant* would originate, and the Haymarket manager, like his brother over the way, would have brought a nest of hornets round his head; so Farquhar, per force, was sacrificed. Enough remains, nevertheless, to exhibit the author in his liveliest and most vigorous moods; and to show how few of the ancient or modern comic-writers have approached him in brilliancy of dialogue or in humorous delineation of character.—A burlesque on *Pizarro* has been produced at Drury-Lane, and, though neither very witty nor very funny, promises to run on merrily towards the Christmas holidays—thanks to the Keeleys and some admirable scenic displays. Mr. Keeley, in a full suit of blazing armour, with his face imbedded in a bush of fine black whiskers, is alone worth paying to see. At the Sadler's-Wells, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which was revived about five years ago, for the appearance of Mr. Phelps in Falstaff, was reproduced on Wednesday, with new scenery, dresses, and appointments. Mr. Phelps's delineation of the fat knight, like all his comic characters, is entirely his own. In the two scenes with Ford, in disguise (his best), his contemptuous banter of his supposed victim in the first, and his description of his souse into the Thames in the second, were given with immense force and vivacity. His rush on to the stage, blowing and wheezing, on the second proposal to put him into the buck-basket, produced a shout of laughter from all parts of the house. The Pistol of Mr. C. Fenton deserves mention as a clever and original sketch.

The house was as crowded as it always is on the occasion of novelties and revivals. Shakspere's *Timon of Athens* is in rehearsal, and will shortly be produced.

A LETTER OF MOZART.

THE Bandmaster of the 59th regiment of Austrian Infantry, Herr Zawerthal, was presented, in the year 1849, at Milan, with the original of the following letter of the immortal W. Amadeus Mozart, by the latter's sole surviving son, Carl Mozart, and has most kindly sent it us for publication.

The letter is directed by Mozart to his wife, at the period of the production of his wonderful *Zauberflöte*, and runs thus:—

"Saturday night, half past 10 o'clock.

"MY DEAREST, BEST LITTLE WIFE,

"It was with the greatest pleasure and feeling of joy that I found your letter at home on my return from the opera;—the opera, although Saturday (on account of its being post-day) is always a bad day, was produced before a house quite full, and with the usual applause and *repetitions*;—it will be played again to-morrow, but the performance will be suspended on Monday; consequently Süssmeyer must bring Stoll over on Tuesday, when it will be again produced for the first time. I say for the first time, because, in all probability, it will again be played several times in succession; I have just finished a splendid piece of sturgeon, which D. Primus (who is my faithful valet,) brought me, and as my appetite-to-day is rather large, I have sent him out again to get me, if possible, something else. In the interval I continue, therefore, to write to you. This morning I wrote so industriously that I went on until it was half-past one o'clock; I then ran in the greatest hurry to Hofer (in order not to have to dine alone), and there I found the mamma as well. Directly after dinner, I returned home, and wrote again until opera time. Leitgeb asked me again to pass him in, and I did so. To-morrow I pass in the mamma; Hofer has already given her the book to read. In her case, no doubt, we shall be able to say she *sees* the opera, and not she *hears* the opera. N. N. had a box to-day. N. N. manifested their approbation very strongly at everything, but he, who knows everything, showed so much of the Bavarian, that I could not stop, for I should have been compelled to call him an ass; unluckily I was in the box at the commencement of the second act, that is to say, at the grand scene. He turned everything into ridicule; at first I had sufficient patience to direct his attention to certain phrases,—but—he turned everything into ridicule; this was too much for me—I called him *Papageno* and went away—I do not think, however, that the idiot understood me,—I went, therefore, into another box, in which were Flamm and his wife; with them I experienced nothing but pleasure, and remained to the end. I then went up on the stage at *Papageno*'s aria with the bells, because I felt to-day impelled to play it myself. I indulged in a joke. As Shickaneder had a wait, I struck an arpeggio; he started—looked across the stage, and saw me—when it came a second time—I did not repeat the action—he stopped, and would not go on. I guessed his thoughts, and struck another chord—he then struck the bells and said, 'Shut up!'—every one laughed. I think that, through this joke, many persons learned for the first time that he did not play the bells himself. By the way, you cannot conceive how charmingly one can hear the music in a box near the orchestra—far better than in the gallery—directly you return, you must make the experiment.

"Sunday morning, 7 o'clock.—I have had an excellent night's rest, and hope that you have had the same. I greatly enjoyed my half capon, which friend Primus brought me. At ten o'clock, I go to the Pianists to mass, because Leitgeb told me that I can then speak to the Director. I shall, also, remain to dinner."

Unfortunately, a part of the letter (about twelve lines) is wanting, about half a sheet being cut away. On the second half-page is the following postscript:—

"Kiss Sophie in my name; to Süssmeyer I send a couple of good fillips and a fine *Schopftheutter*; to Stoll, a thousand compliments. Adieu—the hour is striking—farewell!—we shall meet again!"

We hope that whoever has the missing part of this letter will publish it, in order to complete the whole. Herr Zawerthal informs us that the said part, from one margin to the other, may be spanned by an ordinary sized hand, and, in all probability, has about nine or twelve lines written upon it. The signature, also, is on the missing part; a third of the address, however, and half the seal, are in the possession of Herr Zawerthal, who considers himself very fortunate to possess these relicas.—*Neue Wiener Musik-Zeitung.*

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF THE ELEMENT OF BEAUTY IN NATURE, ART, AND LIFE.

THAT mind, the fountain of whose meditations is the physical aspect of nature, will at length become conscious of the remarkable truth that, in her spacious stage and vast concern, there exists nothing, however useful, that is not at the same time ornamental, nor anything, however fair and graceful, that does not simultaneously fulfil a function serviceable and indispensable.

This total mersion of the useful into the beautiful, in nature, exists no less for the credit and glory of the Maker, and for the happiness and comfort of man, than for the guide, edification, and appeal of man in all the works and results, on an inferior scale, that it is his peculiar office to accomplish. Now, there appears to exist a very prevalent idea that, for the satisfactory accomplishment of the every-day works of life, and that such works may effect their due influence upon man, it is by no means necessary and absolutely essential that the element of beauty should pervade them; that, in organising what is to produce a practical result on humanity, it is amply sufficient if the definite, material, and, as we term it, the useful result is solely considered; and that, when this influence assumes an ornamental and beautiful character, the latter qualities are to be considered more as the consequence of a whim or playfulness in the constructor, than of his conviction of their essentialness.

But if we turn to nature, and mark the influences most immediately necessary and indispensable for man that the Creator himself has organised, we shall see that He considered it by no means sufficient that they should produce solely their palpable and immediately available effects. In gazing upon her ample stores, we behold the elements of usefulness and beauty so equally pervading all things, that, as we examine their construction and composition, the attainment of beauty seems so clearly to be the natural and unforeseen consequence produced in the formation of the useful, and the attainment of utility the obvious and unpremeditated result caused by the formation of the beautiful, that in most cases we find it wholly impossible to trace which of these two elements was the more prominent idea in the original intention.

How great an importance, then—how high a value—must our Maker have attached to the employment of the element of beauty, since He used it so profusely and conspicuously in the creation of all his works. Since we cannot gaze either up or down, we cannot look in any direction, we cannot proceed either far or near, we cannot penetrate to any recess, however hidden and remote, we cannot behold any particle in the great universe, without meeting—without joyfully meeting—this all-pervading spirit of deep and exquisite charm; and as it is obvious that in all things the world contains there can be perceived an adaptation of one to the other: how necessary and indispensable to the state of man, therefore, must the Creator have considered this great influence, since He appears to have deemed not any of his mighty works complete without it.

It has often been remarked as a melancholy and ungrateful fact, how many there are who, in their walk of life through the exuberant garden of the universe, never direct their intelligent gaze to the beauties that beam around; but, on the other hand, allow it to become totally absorbed in the necessary regard they are forced to pay to those few objects that materially and personally affect them, even as cattle are obliged to observe the grass they eat. Of such individuals it has frequently been remarked, that for them the flowers bloom, the heavens glow, and all the brightness of nature shines in vain. It does, indeed, seem a pity that man, for whom alone the book of nature was written, who alone of all its Maker's works, possesses the faculty to intelligently regard it, who alone is conscious of its Author, should yet neglect to read such an eloquent page. Still, when we find this is truly the case, are we, therefore, justified in concluding that for such a man the eloquence of this great volume does peal forth in vain? Can we reasonably conclude that, because he sees no beauty therein—that because he is not conscious of it producing any effect upon him—that therefore it really does not produce any effect?—yea, that it does not produce a very

material and important effect? I do not think we are justified in arriving at such a conclusion; for as the apparently most unimpressible nature we cannot remove to any spot on the earth where he would not be exposed to this influence, or where it might not latently dwell in his memory, so are we unable to pronounce how closely dependent he is upon it, or what he would become without it.

For it is by no means certain that those actions of the reason and of the discrimination that we exercise consciously and voluntarily are *all* the actions of a such like character that take place within us; for there may be some operations of our reason and discrimination so vitally necessary for our welfare, as not to be left for execution to the wavering and unsteadfast will of man. May not the depressing accusation of *conscience* in the breast of the most stolid and ignorant criminal be the result of rapid, unconscious, but *perfect* reasoning? And, therefore, may there not likewise take place in the mind of the most tasteless and unimpressible sojourner amidst creation a similar action of taste and discrimination, if such an action be essential to his invisible good?

And although we cannot ascertain to what extent we are indebted for our present condition of happiness to this remarkable influence of beauty, still we can form some idea when we consider the phenomenon—that whenever in the human heart the spirit of evil enters—whenever bad thoughts and dark passions arise—wherever the moral nature has been shaken by the shock of crime—there, and at such a time, does this clouding nature become senseless to the influence in question. That in the same hour that virtue and happiness depart from the breast of man, so with them also departs the impression and appreciation of the pure and chastened element of grace. From this, it appears to me, we may justly conclude that this sacred influence of beauty the Creator esteemed so high an element in promoting the happiness of his creatures, that He regarded it of such elevated usefulness to man—insomuch that he has ordained the loss of intelligently beholding it to become one of the sorrows of sin, and the faculty of responding to its influence one of the joys of virtue.

If, then, we must conclude that the Creator considered so totally necessary and indispensable (as from the above considerations He appears to have deemed it) the employment of the element of beauty, in constructing whatever in his universe was to influence man—and if, as I remarked before, the great facts in nature exist for the guide and edification of man in all the inferior works that it is his peculiar office to accomplish—does it not naturally follow that man, in constructing works on an inferior scale which are to influence his fellow-men, should also consider the employment of this important element seemly, fitting, and indispensable? Is it not reasonable analogy to assume that, as we cannot measure the benefits we continually receive from the constant presence of this spirit of beauty in nature, so also we cannot limit the extent to which we should be further benefitted and improved from the constant presence of the same element in human life, under the consistent ministration of man?

I consider myself that, as the Creator ordained this element of pervading charm to constitute an important part of the source of happiness in our walk through nature, even so, also, He at the same time designed it to become, reflected by man, a leading influence of joy in our walk through human life.

I consider, further, that as those are in error who totally limit the efficaciousness of this influence in nature to the few who happen to be more immediately conscious of it than others, that those also are equally in error who, under human ministration, would likewise wholly confine the application of this important element to a certain class, and amidst certain circumstances. I consider that as upon the great action of beauty in nature the curtain never falls—that as its influence is never even temporarily withdrawn—that as there can neither exist period nor position throughout all creation in which we can conclude we are out of its influence; that even so, also, its reflection from the works of man should shine at every time and in every place. And that, although there are times and places wherein the smile upon the works of nature is more

peculiarly radiant and intense than in others; still (as it is not wholly limited to such circumstances, but still beams in genial warmth at every moment, and from all things), so likewise I consider that, although there are certain occasions and circumstances in social life wherein the radiance of this chastened element is peculiarly warm and vivid, such brightness should not be exclusively contracted to such occasions, or beam exclusively from such objects, but, as in nature, shine more or less from all things, and thus, over all men, extend its genial influence.

I think it will be worthy of the consideration of all those who are interested in the influence of art upon social life to follow further, and mark more closely, the line of contrast between the employment of the element of beauty in nature and in human life.

In nature, as I said before, we find no object whatever where the elements of usefulness and beauty do not simultaneously and conjunctively exist. Now although it will be observed we here find some objects (such as flowers) where the intention of grace is, to us, more conspicuous, and seems consequently to occupy a more prominent position in the original idea than the intention of utility, and other objects wherein the intention of utility is more readily discernible by us than that of beauty, and seems in like manner to be the dominant portion of the original idea; still, we shall at the same time perceive that neither of these class of objects even appears to us to totally lack the apparently more subordinate design.

But on turning to the works of human life, we cannot see in many cases a reflection of this peculiarity. For here we behold those objects (and even institutions) that are necessary and that are designated to produce directly useful results, to be totally graceless and repulsive, through the absence of the complementary intention. And at the same time, on the other hand, we also see (in the response to the demands of that requirement of humanity for what is beautiful) attempted embodiments of this quality equally repulsive, through the complete absence of the element of usefulness. For I employ the term usefulness in a more extended sense than is customary. I consider that that which imparts knowledge, that that which imparts feelings, in however elevated and impalpable a manner, to be useful; and as I consider all true works of art impart more or less of such phenomena, so I deem that all true works of art contain the elements of utility. And who can tell how essential to the hidden progress of the moral world such a function as this that is occupied by art may be! Is it too much to say that, as of those objects in nature wherein the element of beauty is most conspicuous, we still cannot pronounce all their utility—we cannot tell how essential they are to the full efficacy of the material world—so too of those efforts of human genius wherein the element of beauty appears likewise to be most conspicuous, that we here also are still unable to pronounce all their importance, and how deeply needful they may be for the due fulfilment of the impenetrable cycle of the moral universe.

I must here, with regard to the contrast before remarked, except from any share in forming it, all those high and true works of art just referred to; for between them and their corresponding objects in nature, the parallel is unbroken. I must also extend this exception to those arrangements for usefulness in life that still betray the element of grace.

But, as I have before hinted, we may apply the truth-exposing test of this principle in nature to even the social condition of life, and in many cases discover the fatal contrast. For referring once more to this principle in nature, how ornament assists the functions of necessity, and usefulness proceeds simultaneously with the exhibition of ornament; then turning our observation upon social life, we soon become conscious that here, in many cases, the functions of necessity are carried on wholly unaided and ungraced by the ameliorating influence of beauty—carried on in secret and dismal departments, over which the curtain of domestic privacy hurriedly falls, to conceal the comfortlessness and deformity on one side, and at the same time to expose, on its other side, insipid and unnatural refinement, without meaning and without use, that renders social life tedious and uninteresting, and gives the character of falsehood to society.

In regarding the peculiar relationship between nature and social life revealed in these considerations, it must not be supposed that, whilst comparing in this respect, the condition of physical to social life, I expected to find in the latter the easily perceived, pervading consistency, as in the former.

I am aware that complex and profound as is the design of the physical universe, still we can penetrate so far, and discover such conditions existing in what of it that we can see, as to enable us to form some reasonable idea of the extent, meaning, and character of that which is (as regards any complete elucidation) truly beyond us. From the character of the curve of the known arc of the great circle of nature, we can, figuratively speaking, surmise the centre from which it emanated; and thus, knowing the conditions of its destiny, trace, in imagination, its stupendous revolution. But in moral nature, in human history, life, and actions, much that we may discover—deep as we may penetrate—we still, in our longest and intensest gaze, find that our sight is by far too limited, weak, and wavering—we find that it cannot grasp by far sufficient—we find that it does not command by far that breadth of range—as to behold the long and augmenting ferment of human actions and sufferings fall into a definite process and betray a consistent meaning; thus describing that wondrous, undiscovered, moral curve that, when eventually accomplished, must assuredly balance every one of them, and render them all harmonious. Though the human eye cannot discern the curve of earth, yet the mental one can perceive it. Though the mind cannot embrace the whole of the physical universe, yet the part immediately before its vision being bright and clear, it can faintly conceive the obscurer portion of the lunar orb of nature. But neither bodily eye nor mental eye, neither mind nor imagination, has as yet been able either to see or conceive the slightest bend in the ever-onward murmuring tide of life: that long-looked-for consoling bend which, if we could behold, would reveal even to human reason the Centre and Creator from whom it emanated, who is striking unseen the stupendous circle, who is guiding it unerringly in its path through countless time, and bringing it gradually and surely to the harmony of eternity.

(To be continued in our next.)

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